

Some Specimens of Republican Civil Service Reform.

(Extract from a speech of Hon. G. W. Julian)

In the canvass of 1872, the friends of Gen. Grant insisted that he was the sincere friend, if not the champion of civil-service reform. With airs of triumph they pointed to the fact that he had already appointed an able civil service commission, with George William Curtis at its head, for the purpose of dealing with this vital question. This commission had made its report, showing that about \$100,000,000 of the public revenues are annually lost in the collection through the incompetence or corruption of government officials. The strong language of the president was quoted, in which he told the country that "honesty and efficiency, not political activity, should be the tenure of office. The Philadelphia platform of the party was as pronounced as it could be in favor of lifting the whole machinery of the government out of the ruts of party, and thoroughly purifying it by placing it in the hands of honest and competent men, irrespective of politics. And yet in the face of all these brave manifestoes the president was seeking his own re-election through his well-organized army of eighty thousand office holders, not a man of whom was safe if known to be opposed to his re-election. The fact was perfectly notorious and undeniable that the tenure of office was not honesty and efficiency at all, but "political activity" for Grant. It is true that the civil service commission had framed a set of rules for the protection of honest officials from political interference, but these rules were suspended by the president just as often as it suited the convenience of the party leaders, who had been in their keeping, and who treated the whole subject with contempt.

When Senator Conkling wanted a faithful public servant turned out in New York to make room for a political minion, the rules were suspended for the purpose. When Gen. Butler wanted a political tool in the place of an honest incumbent in Massachusetts, or Senator Morton wanted a similar favor in Indiana, the rules were suspended for their accommodation. When Gen. Logan wanted the collector at Chicago turned aside because he would not join Orville Grant in his whisky frauds, and in order to make room for one of his political henchmen, the president was his humble servant. The postmaster at the city of Galveston, who I believe was a faithful officer, was dismissed to make room for a man driven out of the house of representatives for fraud. Tom Murphy, one of the partners in the Tammany ring of thieves, covered all over with his rascalities as with a garment, and with neither brains nor knowledge enough to fit him for the duties of any civil office, was appointed collector of the port of the city of New York, one of the most lucrative and politically potential positions under the government, and Moses H. Grinnell, an honest and capable man, was sent into retirement as a further illustration of civil service reform. And when the popular pressure became so portentous as to compel Murphy to resign, the president "vindicated" him by a letter complimenting him on the ability and faithfulness with which he had discharged the duties of his high office, while Loet and Stocking, who had been cheating public justice, were still plundering the merchants of New York, in spite of their protests and in defiance of public opinion. In 1872 the office of collector of New Orleans was held, as it now, by brother-in-law Casey, who brought out his "Gating guns" to aid him in packing a political convention for his party, and who was convicted of bribery and corruption by a congressional committee of his own political friends who subsequently reported the facts to the president and demanded his removal, which demand was never complied with. Civil-service reform found an apt illustration in the performances of Powell Clayton of Arkansas. As I remember the facts, he packed the legislature of that state by corrupt means with his tools, who in turn packed him into the United States senate; but when

the grand jury of that district indicted him for political corruption, and thus invited his attention to the hospitalities of the penitentiary, the president, wishing to "vindicate" his friend, removed the marshal and district attorney through whose agency the indictments were supposed to have been found, and appointed a couple of Clayton's friends in their place, who non-prossed the indictment, by which the distinguished senator was allowed to escape justice and to devote his "political activity" to the re-election of his patron and friend. Secretary Robeson took \$93,000 of your money from the treasury and paid it on a false claim to a rascal named Secor, without authority of law, and was excused on the score of his "good intentions," while Secretary Cox had been driven from the cabinet for refusing to prostitute his office to political purposes.

A colored resident of Detroit, who is the owner of a cast-iron horse and an old wagon, was hired to draw some dirt from a yard, and when his work was completed the owner of the premises handed him a check for \$7.50.

"Is dat a seven dollar and a half bill?" asked the colored man, turning the check over and over and regarding it with great curiosity.

"That is a check on a bank," was the reply. "Take it down there and get your money."

"De feller at the bank owes you, does he?" was the next query.

"I have money there, and he will hand you seven dollars and a half."

"I dunno 'bout dat," slowly remarked the colored citizen. "Spoken I go down dar an' he says dis yere document is an order on a hardware store?"

"Oh, it will be all right," replied the citizen, and he started down town and left the negro looking at the back of the check. When he reached home at night his creditor was there and waiting. Holding out the check the negro said:

"Dis yere paper doesn't seem to be worf a cent. I took it down dar and de feller in de bank looked at it and looked at it, and den looked at me, an' den he stuck up his nose and yelled out: 'What's yer name, an' whar you live?' I tole him mighty straight, an' den he wanted me to write my name on de back, an' I fool around an' fool around, an' I jist picked up de manuscript an' walked out. De family is out of 'taters an' meat, an' I'd like to settle dat account for postage-stamps or shipplasters."

It is very easy to write long articles, profound with medical learning and wisdom, advising people, as they value health and life to avoid "hurrying" and "excitement" during the heated term; but when a man is only ten feet away from a petulant gentleman cow, and sixty-five feet away from the nearest point in the pasture fence, which they are both heading for with all the intensity of purpose that can actuate living creatures, who is going to stop and feel his pulse to see whether he is in any more of a hurry than is warranted by the laws of hygiene?

A friend of ours was coming from Washington to New York, and just opposite him sat a lady and her child the latter a beautiful little girl, with wonderfully bright eyes, and a sweet, winsome face—the very picture, in miniature, of her mother. She attracted much attention, and won many smiles and tender glances as she moved about the seat. An elderly gentleman looked into the witching thing's eyes, and was fascinated at once. Stopping, he lovingly patted her cheek, and asked: "Won't you give me a kiss, pretty one, I like to kiss little girls." She looked at him very archly for an instant, and then propounded the rather embarrassing question: "Wouldn't you rather kiss mamma?"

A touching incident is reported from Chattanooga. An utter stranger called on a respectable farmer last week, and asked him if his house had not been robbed during the war. The farmer replied that it had. "I," said the stranger, "was one of a marauding party that did it. I took a little silver locket." "That locket," said the farmer, "had been worn by my dear child." "Here it is," replied the stranger, visibly affected. "I am rich. Let me make restitution. Here are \$20 for your little son." He gave the farmer a \$20 bill and received \$30 in change. He then wrung the farmer's hand warmly, and left. The farmer has since dried his tears and loaded his shot-gun. The \$20 bill was a bad one.

Putting on a Shirt in a Tunnel.

The following incident occurred on a train of the Pennsylvania railroad:

On the road in the front part of a passenger car a sewing machine agent from Chicago was awaiting the hour the train should reach Easton. He had long been on the way, and was tired and dusty, and complained to the gentleman in front of him that he had not had time to change his linen, the bosom of which bore evidence to the fact. His neighbors sympathized with him, for he was a comely man to look upon, with pensive eyes, curly hair, and an Adonis-like form, and adorned with the best of cloth cut in the latest style, while on the third finger of his right hand an enormous diamond flashed. Taking him all in all, he was not to be sneezed at as a couple of city girls thought judging from the glances which they so frequently cast upon him, and the sighs that now and then escaped their cherry lips.

This the young sewing machine man observed, and his heart went pit-a-pat and he wished that his shirt bosom was more immaculate, and he again spoke of it to his fellow travelers.

"I will tell you how to do it if you have a clean shirt with you," said a passenger who happened to be a resident of Easton.

"Yes, sir, I have a garment in my satchel. How can I put it on?"

"We are approaching the Quaker town tunnel, and the conductor told me that it takes seven minutes to pass through it, so there's your chance, and nobody will ever be the wiser of your movements," replied the joker.

The suggestion was so apropos that the youth of the sewing machine embraced it at once, opening his satchel and selecting the linen of spotless white.

"Now's your chance!" cried the fun-loving Eastonian, as the train plunged into the tunnel. Then all was dark. The blackness of Erebus prevailed, and no sounds were heard above the reverberating rattle of the cars, save now and then an emphatic oath from the seat of the Chicagoan. Quick as a flash the iron horse dived into the sunlight, and then—what a sight was my countrymen! In a stooping posture there was the sewing machine youth, striving to thrust his head through the shirt that was double-buttoned at the throat.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" shrieked the city belles as they buried their pretty horrified faces in their handkerchiefs, and there was a general blushing among the ladies, and very loud smiles on the faces of the gentlemen.

Then the Easton joker rushed up to the wriggling youth, who was uttering profanity by the bushel, and unbuttoned the neckband; the head popped through, presenting to the astonished passengers a face like a raw beefsteak, with the sweat streaming from it like gravy from a basted turkey. The gentlemen gathered around him so as to shut him from view until he completed his toilet, when he grasped his satchel and darted into the next car, vowing vengeance on the man who told how to put on a clean shirt in a tunnel.

There is a young lady in Corktown who has been engaged five times since New Year's, but who is now free once more. She is an heiress in a small way, her father having a snug sum and owning considerable property in the eighth ward. Her suitors have always been prosperous young men, as she will not have any other wooers save those who can show signs of capability and worldly wealth. But she has an ambition to be loved for herself alone, and puts all her intended husbands to the test in this wise: She takes an opportunity of confiding to them, with injunctions of perfect secrecy, that her father has lost a great deal of money, and has been obliged to mortgage his dwelling house and furniture. The latter, however, she represents is not mortgaged for more than one-half its worth; so she asks, as a favor, that her intended advance a sum of money on a second chattel mortgage. The effect of this ruse so far has been that each young man has promised to advance the money, and afterward has broken his promise and acted in such a manner that the engagement is broken also.

After a woman has firmly anchored her delicate slippers in a man's locks, and jerked him around for five or six minutes without slipping once, he naturally begins to think what a fool he was not to use hair-oil.

A line in one of Moore's songs reads thus, "Our couch shall be roses bespangled with dew." To which a sensible girl replied, "I would give me the rheumatism, and so it would you."

A boy who heard the quotation, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," wished to stop going to school, because he was afraid he should not live long enough to get past the dangerous point.

A hundred years ago when you called on a girl she kissed you good-by. Now, if you suggest anything of the sort, her father calls you into the library and asks you what you are worth. Are we a nation? And is this progress?

A sailor, passing through a graveyard saw on a tombstone, "I still live." This was too much for Jack, who, shifting his quid, ejaculated: "Well, I've heard say there are cases in which a man may lie, but if I was dead I'd own it."

Those three Chinamen who took a watermelon home and cooked it say that they feel able to worry along on rice a short time longer without fooling with any more now-fangled arrangements in the vegetable line.

There is always a feeling of regret when we part forever with familiar objects, no matter how humble and unimportant they may be. This, however, does not include any parting with a dog in a strange apple orchard.

A chap was arrested in Philadelphia the other day for stealing a clock. The judge told him that as he had taken another man's time to begin with, he could now take his own time to reflect upon it, and sent him up for three months forthwith.

The New York Commercial Advertiser causes the "old soldier" element to grow thoughtful by observing: "As the veteran of 1861 looks back over the vista of fifteen years he sees the road strewn with the dead, and he realizes the fact that he belongs to a company never to be increased, but forever decreasing."

Days come and go, the thermometer rises and falls, but the industrious weevil, the wide-awake chinch bug, and the heroic army worm pursue their way unchecked, and the farmer, as he meditates thereon, wishes that churches and ministers had no absurd prejudices against profanity.

"What do you sell those fowls for?" inquired a person of a man attempting to dispose of some chickens of a questionable appearance. "I sell them for profits," was the answer. "Thank you for the information that they are prophets," responded the querist, "I took them to be patri-archs."

This world is full of bitter disappointments and sudden trials, that break upon us like thunder from a cloudless sky, but at no time is the soul of patient, much-enduring man so hardly tried as when he goes to shave himself in a great hurry Sunday morning and discovers at the first pull that his wife had opened a can of peaches with his razor Saturday night.

George Eliot says that a young man's eyes first open to the world when he is in love. This is not always so. Usually it is when he has gone away from home and had his washing sent home the first time, and finds among it when it is returned an odd stocking with two red stripes about the top, and long enough to button around his neck.

A man broke a chair over his wife's head in Chicago lately. When he got to jail and the chaplain undertook to talk to him he displayed a good deal of penitence. He said he was very sorry that he had permitted his anger to obtain the mastery over him and to suffer him to do such an act, because it was a good chair, one of those good-old-fashioned Windsor chairs, which was an heirloom in his family, and he knew he never could replace it.

A well known young solicitor obtained a divorce for a pretty and wealthy client. He sent in a bill for a thousand dollars. The next day the lady called on him, and inquired if he was in earnest in proposing to her. "Propose to you, madame. I didn't propose to you," replied the astonished lawyer. "Well, you asked for my fortune, and I thought you would have the grace to take me with it," was the calm reply. The lawyer gave in.

A New Jersey tailor made a \$75 suit for a circus acrobat and arrived on the ground with his little bill just in time to see the balloonist alight his new clothes 2,500 feet above the tallest steeple and still going aloft. In the altercation which ensued the tailor used very low language and the Newarkers say they never before heard such high words pass between two men as the acrobat used.

The family tree of a Texas family shows a branch on which several members have been hung for borrowing horses.

Why is the opening of the Fall campaign like a fashionable woman? Because there's a great bustle about it.

Experiments recently made in England indicate that wagons are most easily drawn, on all kinds of roads, when the fore and hind wheels are the same size and the pole lies lower than the axle.

"Ma, hain't I been good since I began going to Sunday school?" "Yes, my lamb," answered the maternal fondly. "And you trust me now, don't you, ma?" "Yes, darling," she replied again. "Then," spoke up the little innocent, "what makes you keep the cookies locked up same as ever?" A strange look entered the mother's eye as she endeavored to solve her little son's deepness with the heel-end of her slipper.

According to Cologne newspaper there is in that city a booth in which is exhibited "a bearded lady." At the entrance is stationed a girl to take the money. Recently a visitor, having feasted his eyes on the strange phenomenon, thinking on his departure to have a joke with the little money-taker, said to her, fondling her under the chin the while, "Well, little one, I suppose the bearded woman is your mamma, eh?" "No, sir," replied the child, "she is my papa."

One of our western exchanges thus mildly portrays some of the habits that still prevail in the rural districts: "In some country houses there is a cupboard high up in the wall, near the ceiling. In that little cupboard the gentle farmer usually keeps his razor, his shaving-mug, his church certificate, and a tin teapot which some how always contains cold tea. The farmer reaches up, takes the teapot by the back of the neck, drinks out of the spout, wipes the tea off his lips, takes up his candle for bed, and leaves a delicious odor of apple whisky."

A lady tried to drive a four-in-hand at Newport, recently. She grasped the lines and said she was going to drive them around. And she did. She drove them around a cluster of bushes; she drove them around an aquarium designed for fishes; she drove them around each other, and ended by standing three horses on top of one, standing the vehicle in the air with the pole in the ground, and herself on her head. This all in one minute and fourteen seconds by a stop-watch—one that stopped the moment it saw her mix the reins.

A good story is told of several Boston merchants who with their wives are summering it at a hotel not many miles from Boston. Immediately after supper one of the members of the firm of B. M. & Co. arose and announced that there would be some private theatricals, tableaux, etc. The tables were removed, and impromptu curtains were made of shawls. The first performance was to be "The Sleeping Beauty," to be followed by a farce, "This Hotel is Sold." One of the ladies was requested to take the part of the sleeping beauty. She reclined on the sofa; covered with two waterproofs and a piece of mosquito netting. One of the party, under pretense of going for a hammer to act as auctioneer, slipped out of a side door with his three companions and adjourned to an upper chamber, where they indulged in the good old game of "high, low, jack." The lady and the audience remained patiently an hour and twenty minutes, when a large placard was dropped into their midst, with the words, "This house is sold."

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